THE GARLAND of TRIALS.

THIS noble relation which I am to write,
Behold, 'tis concerning a great baronet;
Five years he was marry'd, as I do proteſt,
This noble baron with a child was not bleſt.
At length this fair lady conceived with child,
At which this ſaid knight and his lady ſmil'd.
When time was expired, a daughter was born,
At whoſe birth the father and mother did mourn.
Her nativity he did calculate,
And found ſhe was born to ſuffer by fate.
The knight by the ruling planet did ſee,
A whore, thief, and murderer ſhe was born to be.
Said he, When ſhe's up to maturity got,
For the ſake of her portion, ſome villainous ſot,
Perhaps may defile her before-hand, and ſo
This may be the firſt ſtep to her overthrow.
To prevent all danger this ſtep I will take,
Some farmer, a tenant of mine, ſhall her take;
As a child of his own ſhe ſhall be confin'd,
In which ſtate perhaps no one will her mind.
To this wiſe invention the lady agreed.
To one of the tenants ſhe was plac'd with ſpeed.
Who had for her boarding thirty pounds a-year.
And good education they gave her, we hear.
Dutiful obedience unto them ſhe paid,
Thinking them her parents, their will ſhe obey'd.
When this knight came hither his rents to receive,
A guinea to the child he always would give.
Fourteen years and upwards this child ſtay'd there,
The farmer and his wife went to a fair.
And left this young lady at home to ſtay.
But now ſee what happen'd while they were away.
As ſhe was ſtanding that day at the door,
An old man begg'd of her who was very poor.
My parents are not at home, ſhe to him reply'd,
And to give their ſubſtance I dare not, ſhe cry'd.
With that the old beggar-man ſaid with a ſmile,
You are kept in ignorance ſurely, my child.
They are not your parents who you honour here,
Your father's a knight of ſix thouſand a-year.
Such a man is your father, ſuch a lady your mother,
Beſides any children they never had other.
For this news, ſhe ſaid, here's five ſhillings to thee,
And into this matter I further will ſee.
When the farmer came home at night he ſmil'd,
And ſaid, What's for ſupper, my deareſt child?
Her anſwer was to him, What's makes you ſay ſo?
I'm none of your child you very well know.
Such a man is my father, and I tell you plain,
I'll be ſatisfy'd ere I ſleep again:
She took horſe, and rid to the nobleman's gate,
Where he and his lady ſtood very great.
He ſaid, Girl, how do thy parents do?
She ſaid, Sir, that is beſt known to you.
The girls talks madly, ſaid he; let me know
Upon what account you anſwer me ſo?
She ſaid, Sir, a beggar-man came to the door,
And he told me you was my father beſure;
If this thing be true ſir, he tells unto me,
Why was I put off in my infancy?
This I muſt allow, when I was born firſt,
I then was incapable to give diſguſt;
So far as be baniſhed for fifteen years.
The truth of this matter, good ſir, let me hear.
Then he ſhew'd a reaſon for what he had done,
At this news the tears from off her cheeks run.
She ſaid, If it be ſo, then hard is my lot,
And in your 'ſcutcheon it may caſt a blot.
For fear that your honour I bring to diſgrace,
Give me a child's part, and I'll quit the place:
With tears he embrac'd her, and for her did pray,
So with riches on horſe-back ſhe rode away.
To the North of England this lady went,
Where in a lone cottage ſhe liv'd with content.
Her proviſions was brought her by a woman, who
Brought it once a week, and away did go.
And for diverſion this lady bright
Play'd on ths ſpinnet, herſelf to delight.
And as ſhe was playing moſt ſweetly one day,
A young 'ſquire chanced to come that way.
Who hearing the muſick, vow'd he would ſee,
Who in that cottage play'd ſo ſweetly.
The 'ſquire knock'd, and call'd o'er and o'er.
Saying, Open to me, or I'll break the door.
For to break it open, he then did begin,
At which the young lady ſtrait let him in;
She ſaid. Now be civil, I am a young maid,
And am, of all females, of men moſt afraid.
He ſaid, I'll not hurt thee; then did her embrace.
Having ſat awhile, he quitted the place.
This ſweet lady's beauty ſo charm'd him, we find,
That this noble 'ſquire could not reſt in mind.
From ſeeing her daily he could not refrain,
And by often coming her love did obtain.
She promis'd him faithfully to be his bride,
For which ſolemnizing they both did provide.
The night before-hand with this lady he lay,
And went off, proteſting to come the next day.
Next morning ſhe look'd for the 'ſquire to come,
But he was confined to ſtay at home.
A fever that night the young 'ſquire had ſeiz'd,
And becauſe he came not, ſhe was diſpleas'd;
Crying, This will make my father's words true,
My honour is ſtained, and what ſhall I do?
Becauſe he has diſappointed me now,
If he comes to-morrow I'll not have him, I vow.
When able to ſit up, the young 'ſquire came.
The cauſe of his tarrying he told her the ſame.
He ſaid, Love, to-morrow I'll make you my bride.
Sir, for my oath's ſake I'll not have you, ſhe cry'd.
My honour is ſtained, which brings me to ſhame.
No one but myſelf for this I can blame.
He ſaid, Let us marry, to prevent all ſtrife.
Her anſwer was, No, I'll ne'er be your wife.
Tho' not join'd in marriage, this young 'ſquire he
Came three times a-week this lady to ſee.
And as her time drew nigh for to lie down,
He got her a lodging near to town:
When the time expired, ſhe had a ſon,
The 'ſquire was pleas'd it was over and done.
Before this lady began to ſit up,
He preſented the child with a golden cup:
On which was his name and coat of arms at large,
Of this cup he gave the boy's mother a charge.
Saying, See my infant don't loſe it, I pray,
So then he embrac'd her, and ſo rode away.
Now pray mark, good people, and ſoon you ſhall hear
To this babe the mother ſhe proved ſevere.
She ſent the nurſe out, and then did provide
For to kill the child with a ſtab in the ſide.
And ſaid, With a ſtab I am ſure it muſt die.
Then ſtole the gold cup, and away did hie.
In a widow's dreſs ſhe went to Liverpool,
And being well learned, ſhe ſet up a ſchool.
It happen'd the nurſe returned with ſpeed,
And found the babe living, whoſe ſide did bleed.
When the 'ſquire came there, and ſaw what was done,
He griev'd, but thro' mercy, preſerved his ſon.
Near the town of Liverpool the 'ſquire had a farm,
For to keep this darling free from all harm.
Unto this farmer's wife the babe he did place,
Where it was ſuckled, and grew up apace;
When the child was able, to ſchool it did go
Unto his own mother, who did not him know.
But often ſhe kiſs'd him, and ſaid with a ſmile,
I know no reaſon for loving this child.
At eighteen years old he was very tall,
Of a ſweet complexion and comely withal.
Unto the farmer's daughter who nurs'd him, we find,
By his father's conſent he in wedlock was join'd.
Cries he. My ſchool-miſtreſs in me took delight,
For which to my wedding I will her invite.
And being invited, as one one innocent,
Unto his wedding his ſchool-miſtreſs went.
Next morning before the young couple were up,
His ſchool-miſtreſs came, with her golden cup.
And unto the bridegroom the cup did give,
And ſaiſt, Keep this as loeg as long you live:
He ſaid, That I will, thank you for the ſame,
Juſt after the 'ſquire into the room came.
The ſchool-miſtreſs knew him, whoſe heart did ake,
Knowing herſelf guilty, her joints did ſhake.
At firſt ſight, the gold cup the 'ſquire he knew,
And ſaid to the bridegroom, who gave it to you?
He ſaid, Sir, that woman gave it to me;
I think 'tis the fineſt that ever I ſee:
And the 'ſquire he ſaid, A rich cup, I declare,
Here's my name and coat of arms, I can ſwear.
The 'ſquire ſaid, Woman, tell me thy name,
And how you at firſt by this gold cup came.
For fear of his wrath ſhe ſwooned away.
When her ſenſes return'd, he to her did ſay,
Come tell me thy name, or elſe with ſpeed,
I will draw my rapier, and ſtick you indeed.
Then ſhe told him her name, which being done,
Said he, If it be ſo, where is your ſon?
Whom I gave this cup to? She ſaid, He is dead;
I ſtabb'd him, and for fear of hanging I fled.
He ſaid, Wicked woman, as I have thee found,
Your blood after this ſhall be ſpilt on the ground.
For ſtabbing my darling when paſſion was hot,
I'll cut thee as ſmall as herbs to the pot.
With trembing joints on her knees ſhe did cry,
For ſtabbing your infant I deſerve to die.
He ſaid, Before I take thy life away,
I will give you two hours in private to pray.
Then in a dark cloſet ſhe locked up were,
The ſorrowful lady for death did prepare.
Mean time to the bridegroom away he did go,
And gave him the truth of the matter to know.
He ſaid, She's your mother, who thinks you are dead,
I'm one that won't hurt the hair of her head.
But unto the cloſet he goes furiouſly,
And ſaid, Wicked woman, prepare for to die.
To ſee him with glittering ſword in his hand,
With ſighs and groans ſhe before him did ſtand.
And ſaid, Kill me the firſt ſtroke be ſure,
That I may not be tortured long in my gore.
To hear theſe expreſſions a groan he did bring,
And no longer could bear love's piercing ſting.
He ſaid, Be not troubled, thou joy of my life,
The bridegroom's your ſon, you ſtabb'd with a knife.
That this mournful lady might be ſatisfy'd,
They ſhew'd her the place ſhe ſtabb'd in his ſide.
For joy to the bridegroom ſhe gave kiſſes ſtore,
And ſaid, Now I hope all my ſorrows are o'er.
The 'ſquire ſaid to her, Now ſince it is ſo,
That our ſon is alive, will you have me or no?
To-morrow let's marry, to finiſh the ſtrife.
To this ſhe conſented; he made her his wife.
She ſaid to the 'ſquire, I'll tell thee, my dear,
My father's a knight of ten thouſand a year.
And whether he's living I cannot well tell,
For to ride and ſee I hold it right well.
To her father's houſe they both rid with ſpeed.
When her parents ſaw her they both ſmil'd indeed.
With joy they embrac'd her, while tears ran down,
And gave her a portion of twelve thouſand pound.
This worthy 'ſquire, 'tis very well known,
Enjoys five hundred a-year of his own.
He gave his eſtate to his ſon, and behold,
Threeſcore and ten pieces of bright ſhining gold.
So now I will leave them in joy all to live,
Great comfort and joy in this world to receive.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard, London.